



Charles. *Seite*

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Mary J. Rhodes

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2
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COLLECTION

of

SONGS

2

Cambridge
1813.

CONTINUATION

The marks // //
denote a repeat of all contained within them.

— // () —

— () —

(Lincoln)

All's Well.

1

①
Deserted by the waning moon
When stars proclaim night's cheerless gloom
On tower or fort or tented ground
"The sentry walks his lonely round"
And if some footstep haply stray
Where caution marks the guarded way
"Who goes there" stranger quickly tell
A friend, good night, "All's well," "all's well."

②
Or sailing on the midnight deep
When weary messmates soundly sleep
The careful watch patrols the deck
"To guard the ship from foes or wreck"
And when his thoughts oft homeward veer
Some friendly voice salutes his ear.
"What cheer, brother quickly tell,
Above, below, all's well," "all's well."

Song from thy Grandmother

(1)

Oh me I am lost and forlorn
No hope can my anguish assuage
For alas! long before I was born
My fair one had died of old age

12 Ah well a day Ah well ye
Time how couldst thou be so uncouth
To wither her beauties divine
Why rob her of every tooth
Before I had cut one of mine

At night to her grave I'll repair
Lamenting the bairn was my bride
Cut a lock of her lovely grey hair
If any was left when she died. ^③
An well ge

Sweet is the Vale

Sweet is the vale where innocence resides
Blest is the cot where virtue dwells
Where harmless love untaught presides
Secure from flattery's baneful spells.
This is the spot and here I wish to live;
Despising all that wealth or power can give

(Cotutian)

The meeting of the Waters.

(1)

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
 As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet
 Oh the last ray of feeling and life must depart
 "Ever the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart."

(2)

It was not that nature had spread o'er the scene
 Her purest of chrystral and brightest of green
 Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or rill
 "Oh no it was something more exquisite still."

(3)

It was that friends the beloved of my bosom were
 Who made every dear scene of enchantment more
 And who taught how the best charms of nature improve
 "When we see them reflected from look which we love."

(4)

Sweet vale of Avoca how calm could I rest,
 On thy bosom of shade with the friend I love best
 When the storms which we feel in this cold world shall
 "And our hearts like thy waters be mingled in peace."

The Taylor done Over

①

A tailor once was as blithe as e'er could be
 Until love alarms have a devil sure made me
 That once was salusty was called will the rover
 Untill sue's cruel charms have me fairly done over



②

How many a day have I sat with great pleasure
 And cut out my clothes to my customers measure,
 With a full yard of cabbage I lived in clover
 But now a poor skeleton I'm fairly done over.

③

The first time I saw her in silks dress so gaily
 I fell into fits, oh! they troubled me daily
 How cruel must she be the sight could not move her
 I fear that these fits will one day do me over

④

The next time a saw her she passed by the window
 My goose being hot burnt a sleeve to a cinder
 The girls do so peer me that I can go no where
 Was ever poor tailor so fairly done over.

⑤

The last time I saw her was with a bold sailor
 And as she passed by she called out tailor
 She smiled and cried for richlour I'm going to Dover
 So there is an end of the tailor done over.

Cunningham In The Downhill of Life. 7

In the downhill of life when I find I'm declining
May my lot no less fortunate be
Than a snug elbow chair will afford for reclining
With a cat which overlooks the wide sea
With an ambling pad pony to pace o'er the lawn
While I carol away idle sorrow
And blithe as the lark which each day hails the dawn
Look forward with hope for to morrow. //

With a porch at my door both for shelter and shade too
As the sunshine or rain may prevail
With a small spot of ground for the use of the flail too
And a barn for the use of the flail
A cow for my dairy a dog for my game
And a purse when a friend waits to borrow
I'd envy no nabob his riches or fame
Nor the honors that wait him tomorrow //

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Seamed by a neighbouring hill
And at night may repose steal on me more sweetly
By the sound of amumuring rill
And while peace and plenty I find at my board
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow
With my friends will I share what today may afford
"And let them spread the table tomorrow" //

Over leaf

In the downhill of life continued

And when I at last ⁽⁴⁾ must throw off this frail covering
 Which I've worn for three score years and ten
 On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering
 Nor my thread will to spin over again
 But my face on the glass I'll severely survey
 And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow
 And this worn out old stuff which is threadbare today
 May become everlasting tomorrow. //

(Greenwood) The Day Returns.

⁽¹⁾
 The day returns my bosom burns,
 The blisful day we two did meet.
 Though winter wild in tempest toiled
 No summer's sun was half so sweet.
 Than all the pride that crowns the tide
 And crosses over the sultry line
 Than crowns an globes and kingly robes
 Heaven gave me more, it made thine
 While day and night can yield delight,
 Or aught on earth can pleasure give
 While joys above the mind can move
 For thee and the alone I live.
 When that grim foe of life below
 Steps in between our love to part
 The iron hand that breaks the band
 It breaks my bliss it breaks my heart.

Rise Columbia

9

When first the sun o'er ocean glowed
^①
And earth unveiled her virgin breast
Supreme mid natures vast abode
Was hear'd the almighty's dread behest.

"
"Rise Columbia, brave and free.
Rise the globe and bound the sea"

In darkness wrapt with fetters chained
Will ages grope debased and blind
With blood the human hanol be stain'd
With tyrant power the human mind

"Rise &c."

"But lo! across the Atlantic floods
The star directed pilgrim sails
See! felled by Commerce float thy woods,
And cloathed by Ceres, wave thy vales!"

"Rise &c."

The fourth verse on next page
Nor yet though skilled delight in arms,
Peace and her offspring arts be thine
The face of freedom, scarce has charms
When on her cheeks no dimples shine

"Rise &c."

turn over

Rise Columbia continued

In vain shall thrones in arms combined
⁽⁴⁾
 The sacred rights I gave oppose
 In thee["]the[']Asylum["]of mankind
 Shall welcome nations find respose.

"Rise &c. "

Whilst fame for thee her wreath entwines
⁽⁵⁾
 To bless thy nobler triumph prove
 That though["]the willow[']Eagle["]haunts thy pines
 Beneath thy willows sheld the dove

"Rise &c. "

When bolts the flame or whelms the wave
⁽⁶⁾
 Be thine to rule the wayward hour
 Bid Death["]unbar the watry grave
 And Vulcan yield to Neptune's power

"Rise &c. "

Revered in arms in peace humane
⁽⁷⁾
 No shore nor realm shall bound thy sway
 While all the virtues["]own thy
 And subject elements obey!

"Rise Columbia["]brave & free
 Poise the globe and bound the sea. "

Sweet Kitty of Colrain.

(Fawkes)

(1)

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,
With a pitcher of milk to the fair of Colrain
Poor Kitty she stumbled the pitcher it tumbled
And the sweet buttermilk spangled the plain
Oh! what shall I do now was looking at you so
I'm sure such a pitcher I shall never see again
Twas the pride of my dairy sweet Barney McLury
Your went ~~as~~ ^{as} a plague to the girls of Colrain

(2)

I sat me down by her and gently did chide her
That such a misfortune should give her such pain
I gently then kissed her and before I did leave her
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again

Oh! it was hay making season'd I can't tell the reason
Misfortunes do seldom come single tis plain
For very soon after sad Kitty's disaster,
The Devil a pitcher was whole in Colrain

Putnam's Spring of Shillelah.

Oh love is the soul of a neat Irishman,
 ① He loves all that is lovely, loves all that he can,
 With his sprig of Shillelah and Shamrock so green.
 His heart is good humored, tis honest, tis sound,
 No malice, or hatred is there to be found.
 He courts, and he marries, he drinks, and he fights,
 all for love, for in that he delights,
 With a sprig of Shillelah, and Shamrock so green.

① Transposed

Bless the country say I, that gave Patrick his birth,
 Bless the land of the Oak, & its neighbouring earth,
 Where grows the Shillelah, and Shamrock so green.
 May the sons of the Thanes, and the Tweed, and the Shannon,
 Drive the foe, who dare plant on our confines, a ^{new} com.
 United, & happy, at Loyalty's shrine,
 May the rose, and the thistle long flourish, and twine,
 Round a sprig of Shillelah, and Shamrock so green.

② Who has e'er had the luck to see Dony brook fair,
 An Irishman all in his glory is there,
 With his sprig of Shillelah, and Shamrock so green.
 His clothes spick, and span new, without e'er a speck,
 A note ^{of} Barcelona tied ~~round~~ his nate neck,
 He goes to a tent, and he spends his half crown,
 He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down,
 With a sprig of Shillelah, and Shamrock so green.

27

At evening returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart soft with whiskey, his head soft with blows
From a sprig of Shillelah, and Shamrock so green.
He meets with his Shelah, who blushing a smile,
Cries, "get ye gone Pat, get cousents all the while;
To the Priest soon they go, and nine months after that,
A fine baby cries, how d'ye do Father Pat,
With a sprig of Shillelah, and Shamrock so green.

Just Like Love.

Just like love is yonder rose
Heav'ny fragrance round it blows
Tears its dewy leaves disclose
And in the midst of briars, it grows

Just like love
Culled to bloom upon the breast
Since rough thorns the stem invest
They must be gathered with the rest
And with it to the heart be prest

Just like love
And when rude hands its twin bud sever
They die and they shall blossom never
Yet the thorns be sharp as ever
Just like love

While I hang on your bosom.

(1)

While I hang on your bosom distract'd to lose you! High swells my fond

and fast my tears flow. Yet think not of cold as they fall to accuse you. Did I ever upbraid

you? O no my love no! Town it would please me at home could you tarry, nor cer' feel a wish

from Maria to go; But if it gives pleasure to you my dear Harry, Shall I blame you depart

me? O no my love no!

Robin Adair.

21

What's this dull town to me
 ①

 Robin's not near

What wast I wished to see

 What wished to hear

Where's all the joy and mirth

Made this town a Heaven on earth

Oh they're all fled with thee

 Robin Adair.

What made th' assembly shine
 ②

 Robin Adair

What made the ball so fine

 Robin was there

What when the play was o'er?

What made my heart so sore?

It was parting with

 Robin Adair.

But now thou art cold to me
 ③

 Robin Adair

But now thou art cold to me

 Robin Adair

Yet him I loved so well

Still in my heart shall dwell

Oh I can ne'er forget

 Robin Adair.

(Mellens) Evelyn's Bower.

①
Oh weep for the hour,

When to Evelyn's bower,

The lord of the valley with false vows came.

The moon hid her light

From the Heavens that night,

And wept behind her clouds o'er the maidens

②
The clouds part soon

From the chaste cold moon,

And heavn smiled again with her vestal flame.

But none will see the day,

When the clouds shall pass away.

Which that dark hour left ^{upon fair} Evelyn's fame

③

The white snow lay,

On the narrow path way,

Where the lord of the valley cross'd over the moor.

And many a deep print

On the white snows tint,

Showed the track of his footstep to Evelyn's door.

23.

(4)

The next suns ray
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false lord came
But there's a light above
Which alone can remove
The stain upon the snow of fair Evelyn's fame.

Rise Cynthia Rise)

Rise Cynthia rise,
The ruddy morn on tiptoe stands
To view thy beauteous face
Phebas reflectest coursers borne
Sees none so fair in all his race
The circling hours that lag behind
Shall catch fresh beauty from thine eye
Get up! in pity to mankind
Still rapt in pleasing visions lie

Will you come to the Bower.

Will you come to the bower I've shaded for you
Your bed shall be roses all spangled with dew
There under the bower while our roses you lie
With the blush on your cheek and the smile in your eye
But the roses we press shall not rival your lips
Nor the dew be so sweet as the kisses we kiss
But oh for the joys that are greater than dew
Than languishing blushes or kisses from you.

We may roam through ^{this world}

We may roam through ^① this world like a child at ^{feast}
 Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the nest
 And when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east
 We may order our course and be off in the west.

But of hearts that feel and eyes that smile
 Are the dearest joys that heaven ~~best~~ supplies

We never need roam from our own dear isle
 For sensitive hearts and for sunbright eyes.

Then remember wherever your goblet is cropp'd
 Through this world whether eastward or westward you wan

When a cup to the smile of dear woman goest round
 Oh! remember the smile that adores her at home

In England the garden of beauty is kept ^②
 By a dragon of prudery placed within call
 But so oft this unmerciful dragon has slept
 That the garden but carelessly watch'd after all
 O they want the wild sweet briary fence
 Whist round the flowers of Erin ~~grows~~
 Thick waives the touch while winding the sende
 Nor charms us least when it most repels

In France when the heart of a woman sets sail ^③ Then remember
 On the Ocean of wedlock its fortune to try
 Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail
 But just pilots her off and then bids her god byd.
 But the girls of Erin keep the boy
 Ever faithful beside his native bar.

Through billow of woe and beams of joy
 The same that he looked when he left the shore ^{Then remember}

Sicilian Mariner's Hymn.

25



O sanctissima Opusissima
Dulcis virgo Maria
Mater amata in temerata
Ora Ora pro nobis.

The Soldiers Adieu.

①

Adieu, Adieu my only love
 My honor calls me from thee
 Remember thou'rt a soldiers wife
 Those tears but ill become thee
 What though by duty I am called
 Where thundering cannons rattle
 "Where valours self might stand appalld"

When on the wings of thy dear love
 To heaven above
 Thy fervent orisons are flown
 The tender prayer thou puttest up there
 "Shall call a guardian angel down"
 To watch me in the battle.

②

My safety thy fair truth shall be
 As sword and buckler serving
 My life shall be more dear to me
 Because of thy preserving.
 Let peril come, let horror threat,
 Let thundering cannons rattle,
 "I fearless seek the conflicts heat"
 Assured when on the wings of love,
 To heaven above.

Enough - with that benignant smile
 Some kindred God inspired thee
 Who saw thy bosom void of guile
 Who wondered and admired thee:
 I go, assured my life! adieu
 Through thund'ring cannons rattle
 "Through murd'ring carnage stalk in view,"
 When on the wings of thy true love
 To heaven above go.

Erin

(Tune Robin Adair)

Erin the tear and the smile of thine eyes
 Blend like the rainbow that hangs in the skies
 Shining through sorrows stream
 Sadness through pleasure's beam
 Thy suns with doubtful gleam
 Sweep while they rise

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease
 Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase
 Till like the rainbow's light
 Thy various tints united
 And form in heaven's sight
 One arch of peace

Heaving of the Lead.

(1)

18 * C

To England when with favouring gales, Our gallant ship up channel steered; And sounding under easy
 sail, The high blue western land appeared; To heave the lead the seaman sprung, And to the
 pilot cheerly sung, By the deep nine! By the deep nine! To heave the lead the seaman sprung
 By the deep nine!
 And to the pilot cheerly sung, By the deep nine!

(2)

And bearing up to gain the port,
 Some well known object kept in view
 An abbey tower or harbour fort
 Or beacon to the vessel true
 While off the lead the seaman flung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung

"By the mark seven!"

And as the much loved shore was near ⁽³⁾
 With transports we beheld the roof,
 Where dwelt a friend or partner near
 Of faith and love a matchless proof
 The lead once more the seaman flung
 And to the watchful pilot sang,

"Quarter less five!"

29
Oh why should the girl

①

"Oh why should the girl of my soul be in tears
At a meeting of vap'rs like this."||

110 "When the gloom of the past and the sorrows of years
Have been past by a moment of bliss."||



②

"Are they shed for that moment of blissfull
Which dwells on her memory yet."||

"Do they flow like the dews of the love-breathin' night
From the warmth of the sun that has set."||

③

"Oh sweet is the tear on that languishing smile
That smile which is loveliest then."||

"And if such be the drops that delight can beguile
Thou shalt weep them again and again."||

Sandy and Jenny

(Greenwood)

①



Come come bonny lassie cried Sandy awa, While mother is spinning and father is afar.



The folk are at work and the bairns are at play, And we will be married dear Jenny



to day. And we will be married dear Jenny to day . . .

Stay stay bonny Laddie I answered with speed
 I muina I muina go with you indeed
 Besides shoud I do so what would the folk say
 O we canna marry dear Sandy to day.

List List bonny Lassie and mind what I saydo
 Baith Peggy and Patty I gave up for you
 Besides a full twelve month we've trifled away
 And one or the other I'll marry to day

Fie fie bonny Laddie replied I again
 When Peggy you kisped to her day on the plain,
 Besides a new ribband does Patty display
 So we canna marry dear Sandy to day //

Then then a good bye bouny Laddie said he
 For Peggy and Patty are waiting for me
 The Kirk is hard by and the bells call away
 And Peggy or Patty I'll marry to day. //

Stop stop bouny Laddie cried I with a smile
 For know I was joking indeed all the while
 Let Peggy go spin and send Patty away
 And we will be married dear Sandy to day. //

O Wear with me the rosy wreath

Wear with me the rosy wreath
 Whilst melting strains around thee breathe
 Oh life we'll but measure by moments of pleasure
 And banish the features of sorrow. //

See the goblet streaming
 Rapture's soul is beaming
 Softly will stay the joys of to day
 Not nourish a thought of to morrow. //

Fill then your cups around
 Wealth shall with wine abound
 Love shall enlighten each hour,
 Chasing dull care away bee-like we'll bear away
 Honey from life's drooping flower. //

Tara's Harp

①

The harp that once through Tara's halls,
The soul of music shed
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former years,
So glory's thrill is o'er
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more.

②

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells
The chord alone, that breaker at night
Its tale of ruin tells
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes
The only throb she gives
Is, when some heart indignant breaks
To show that still she lives

Mary. (June 3rd not yet)

①

What tho' tis true I've talked of love
 And other beauties idly strove
 My heart to free from Mary's chain
 Unbroke the golden links remain
 Entwined round every part.

For, if anothers charms I prised
 Those charms some fond remembrance raised
 Perhaps twas not her tresses flowing
 Dimpled cheek or blushing glowing

Oh no; oh no;

'Twas Mary's lip or Mary's eye
 'Twas Mary's self that caused the sigh
 Still Mary ruled my heart

②

I own, betrayed by youth or wine
 I've sworn a face or form divine
 Or when some witching siren sung
 My yielding soul bewildered hung
 Entranced at her art

But soon the feeble spell was gone
 Some faint resemblance raised alone;
 Could tones less sweet and looks less smiling
 Long delude, my sense beguiling?

Oh no; oh no;

'Twas Mary's voice or Mary's glance
 'Twas Mary's self that caused the trance
 And touched my conscious heart

GOD SAVE AMERICA.

(Lincoln)

①

God save America from despotic sway till time shall cease. Blest be the day of
arms and to fierce wars alarms follow in all its charms, Heaven born pence

②

God save great Washington
Fair freedom's warlike son,
Long to command.

May every enemy,
Foe from his presence flee,
And may grim Tyranny,
Fall by his hand.

③

Thy name Montgomery
Still in each heart shall be

Praised in each breast
Though on the fatal plain
Thou wast untimely slain
Yet shall thy virtues gain

Freedom from death.

④

Last in our song shall be
Guardian of liberty
Levi is the King.

Terrible God of war
Placed in victorious land
Of France and of Warre

God save the King.

Pray young man.

37

(1)

Pray young man your suit give over
Heaven designed you not for me
Cease to be a whining lover son
Sour and sweet can never agree
Clownish in each limb and feature
You've no skill ~~to~~ dance or sing
At best you are but an awkward creature
By you I know am quite the thing

(2)

As I soon may roll in pleasure
Bumpkins I must bid adieu
Can you think that such a treasure
Ever was destined man for you
No! mayhaps when I am married
Amongst the great to dance and sing
To some great lord I may be married
(All allow I'm quite the thing

(3)

Beaux to me will then be kneeling
Naam I die if you don't yield
Let them plead their tender feeling
While my tender heart is steeled
When I dance they'll be delighted
Ravished quite to hear me sing
(At routs whenever I'm invited
All will swear she's quite the thing.

Go Where Glory waits thee.

Go where glory waits thee,
And when fame elates thee,

 ① Oh! then remember me.
When the praise thou meetest,
To thine ear is sweetest,

 Oh! then remember me

Other arms may prop thee
Dear friends caress thee
All the joys that bless thee

 Sweeter far may be

But when friends are nearest
And when joys are dearest

 Oh! then remember me

②

When at eve thou rovest,
By the star thou lovest,

 Oh! then remember me

Think when home returning
Bright wine seen it burning

 Oh! then remember me.

Oft when summer closes,
 When thine eye repose,
 With ling'ring roses,
 Once so loved by thee,
 Think on her who wove them,
 Her who made the love them,
 Oh! then remember me.

(3)

When around the lying
 Autumn's leaves are dying
 Oh! then remember me,
 And at night when gazing
 On the gay hearth blazing
 Oh! still remember me.
 Then should music stealing,
 All the soul of feeling,
 To thy heart appealing,
 Draw one tear from thee.
 Then let mem'ry bring thee
 Strains I used to sing thee,
 Oh! then remember me.

Friend and Pitcher

①

The wealthy fool with gold in store
 Seeks every moment to grow richer
 Give me but these I ask no more
 My charming girl my friend and pitcher
 My friend so rare my girl so fair
 With these what mortal can be richer
 Give me but these a pig for care
 With my sweet girl my friend and pitcher

②

The fortune ever shuns my door
 I know not what can bewitch her
 With all my heart can I be poor
 With my sweet girl my friend and pitcher

My friend &c

③

From morning down I never grieve
 To toil a hedge or a ditcher
 If that when I come home at eve
 I might enjoy my friend and pitcher

My friend &c

(Wild) Canadian Boat Song.

AI

Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep time as our oars keep time
Soon as the woods on shore look dim
Well sing at St. Olaus over parting him
Brother row the stream runs fast
The rapids are near and the daylight past.

②
Why should we yet our sails unfurl
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl
But when the wind blows off the shore
Oh sweetly will rest our weary oar
Blow breezes blow the stream runs fast
The rapids are near and the daylight past.

③
Uttawas tide this trembling noon
Shall see us float down the surges soon
Saint of this green Isle hear our prayers
Oh grant us cool heavens and favoring airs
Blow breezes blow the stream runs fast
The rapids are near and the daylight past.

Roderick Vich Alpine Dhu.

(Godman)

(1)



Hail to the chief who in triumph advances Honored and blest be the evergreen pine.



Long may the tree in his banner which glancest, Flanish the shelter and grace of our



lives. Heaven send it happy dew! Earth lend it sap anew. Gaily to budge ong



Roderick Vich Alpine Dhu. Ho. Tero.

(2)

Ours is the sapling chance-sown by the fountain
Blooming in Beltane in Winter, to fade mountain.
When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the
The more shall Glen-Alpine ^{exult} rejoice in her shade

Moored in the rifted rock

Proof to the tempest shock

Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow

Menleith and Bradalpaine then

Echo his praise again

Roderick Vich Alpine Dhu. Ho. Tero-

(3)

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fann
 And Benochair's groans to our slogan replied
 Glen-Luss and Ross-Dhu they are smoking in ruin
 And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead on her side

Widow and Saxon maid
 Long shall lament our raid

Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe
 Levenox and Seven-glen
 Shake when they hear again
 Roderick Vich Alpine Dhu Ho-Teo.

(4)

How vassals vow for the pride of the Highlands
 Stretch to your oars for the ever-green pine
 O that the rose-bud which graces your islands
 Were wreathed in garlands around him to twine

Oh that young seedling gem
 Worthy such noble stem

Honoured and blessed in their shadow might grow
 Loud should of Clan Alpine then
 Ring from her deepest glen
 Roderick Vich Alpine Dhu Ho-Teo.

The Wounded Hussar.

①

Alone to the banks of the dark rolling Danube, fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er. Whether she
 cried hast thou wander'd my lover, or here dost thou weep and bleed on the shore. What voice did I
 hear! 'twas my Henry that sighed. All mournful she hastened nor wander'd afar, when bleeding
 alone on the heath she desir'd. By the light of the moon her poor wounded Hussar!

②

From his bosom that heaved the last torrent was streaming,
 And pale was his visage deep marked with a scar
 And dim was that eye once expressively beaming
 That melted in love and that kindled in war
 How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight!
 How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!
 "Hast thou come my fond love this last sorrowful night
 To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hussar?"

③

"Thou shalt live" she replied ^③ heaven's mercy reliving
 "Each anguishing wound shall forbid me to mourn"
 "Ah no the last pang in my bosom is bearing"
 No light of the morn shall to Henry return;
 Thou charmer of life ever tender and true
 Ye babes of my love that await me afar
 His faltering tongue scarcely murmured adieu
 When he sunk in her arms, the poor wounded Hussar

Fly not yet ye

45

①

Fly not yet 'tis just the hour
When pleasure like the midnight flower
Which scorns the eye of vulgar light
Begins to bloom for sons of night
And maids that love the moon
Twas but to bless these hours of shade
That beauty and the moon were made
Tis then their soft attractions glowing
Let the tides and goblets flowing

"Oh stay, Oh stay,

Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to night that oh! 'tis pain
To break its links so soon." //

②

Fly not yet the fount that played
In times of old through Amours shade
Though icy cold by day it ran
yet still like souls of mirth began

To burn when night was near
and thus should womans heart and looks
at noon be cold as wintry brooks
Though icy cold by day it ran
yet still like souls of mirth began
Nor kindle till the night returning
Brings the genial hour for burning

"Oh stay. Oh stay.

When did morning ever break
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here?" //

Once again thy lover prays
 That upon those cheefull notes would raise
 Which seem as from thine harp they rise
 Like sounds seraphic from the skies.

When angels wake the strong
 Twas but for them and thee my voice
 Harmonious sounds were made to move
 For them and thee melodious measure
 Pours its soul subduing treasure.

"Once more, once more
 Notes like these I ne'er again
 Shall hear dear maid for oh tis pain
 To find them cease to ring.

Once again the lyre that hung
 On thine own tomb forever hushy.
 When fled the dusky shades of night
 And morning beam'd his beauteous light
 And flashed upon the lyre
 And thus since doubts darks clouds are fled
 And hope bears brightly in their stead
 Oh while our hearts the flame confessing
 Owns the pleasing painful blessing.

"Once more once more
 Strike those notes that tell to rest
 The angry passion of the breast
 And quench their raging fire. II

Henry's Cottage Maid.

49

①
Ah where can fly my soul's true love
Sad I wander this lone grove
Sighs and tears for him I shed,
Henry has from Laura fled.
Thy love for me thou didn't impart,
Thy love soon won my virgin heart.
But ah! dear Henry, thou'st betrayed
Thy love with thy poor Cottage Maid.

②

Through the vale my grief appears,
Sighing sad with pearly tears;
Thy image is my theme,
As I wander on the green.
See from my cheeks my colour flies,
And loves sweet hope within me dies.
For ah! dear Henry, thou'st betrayed
Thy love with thy poor Cottage Maid.

The Cheshire Tragedy.

1
In Chester
Not rich or
The paup
His name was Thom. & Clutterback.
The Lady, he did most approve,
Much Guinea's gold had got in;
And Clutterback fell
With Polly Fligge

2
Oh Tommy
And Polly Fligge
I sing the love, the smiling love
Of Clutterback and Higginbottom.

3
A little trip he did propose,
Upon the Dee th' at them,
The wind blew, he blew his nose,
And sang to Polly Higginbottom.

The strain was sweet, the stream was deep,
He thought his notes had caught her.
But she alas! fell fast asleep,
And then fell in the water.

O Polly Higginbottom,
She goes to the bottom!

I sing the death, the doleful death,
Of pretty Polly Higginbottom.

(3) It he strived to gett the boat,
To d' invite her;

Item 11. ~~He~~ he found
the number of his woes,
a boldly paid the waterman,
An' w' be d' bed among the fishes.
Higginbottom

bottom!

the death,

Higginbottom.

(4) I found Chester stalk the River Ghosts
Of this young man and fair maid.
His head is like a salmon trout,
Her tail is like a mermaid.
Learn this ye constant lovers all,
Who dwell in England's island.
The way to shun a watry grave,
making love on dry land.

O Polly Higginbottom,

Who now lies at the bottom!

So sing the ghosts, the water ghosts,
"Clutterbuck and Higginbottom.

The British Tar.

The British Tar ^①
 The British Tar no mortal knows
 But fearless braves the angry deeps.
 The ship's his cradle of repose
 And sweetly rocks him to his sleep.
 He though the raging surges swell
 In his hammock swings.

When the steersman sings
 When the steersman sings
 Steady she goes. All's well. All's well. Steady she goes.

While to the topsail yard he springs
 An English vessel heaves in view
 He asks but it no letter brings
 From bonny Kate he loves so true.
 Then signs he for his native dale
 Yet to hope he clings

When the steersman goes
 The storm is past ^③ The battle's o'er
 Nature and man repose in peace
 Then homeward bound, by England's shore
 He hopes for joys that ne'er will cease
 His Kate's sweet voice their joys foretell
 And his big heart springs

When the steersman goes

I knew by the Smoke,

53

I knew by the smoke that so gracefullly curl'd.
Above the green elms that a cottage was near
And I said if there's peace to be found in the world
The heart that's contented might look for it here.
Twas noon and on flowers that languished around

Avon
The soft flowing Avon by thy silver

The Ruins.

55

¶^① I've seen at twilight's pensive hour
The mouldering urn the moss clad tower

In woful ruins stand
That hall where cheerful voices sang
That dome where chiming music sang
"Majestically grand."

¶^② I've seen midst sculptured pride the ^{stone}
Where heroes slept in silent gloom

Unconscious of their fame
Those who with laurelled honors crowned
Amid their fees spread terror round
"And gained an empty name."

¶^③ I've seen in death's dark cavern laid
The ruins of a beauteous maid

Cadaverous and pale
A maiden who while life remained
O'er rival charms in triumph reigned
"The mistress of the vale."

I've seen where dungeon clamps abode
 A youth admired in manhood's pride

In fancied greatness rare
 One who in season's happier day
 Was virtuous, witty, noble, gay,

Locamee, generous & brave.

Nor dome nor tower in twilight shade
 Nor hero fallen nor beauteous maid

Could with such pathos touch my breast
 As on the maniac's form unpeopled
 The ruins of a noble mind.

Why does Azure. &c.

① Why does azure deck the sky
 But to be like thine eyes of blue

Why is red the roses' edge
 That it may seem thy blushed hue

All that's fair by love's decree
 Has been made resembling thee

② Why is falling snow so white
 But to be like thy bosom fair
 Why are solar beams so bright
 That they may seem thy golden hair

All that's bright

③ Why are nature's beauties felt
 'Tis in thine in her we see

Why has music power to melt
 'Tis because it speaks like thee
 All that's sweet

Elegy on the Death of
Robert Burns.

57.

What is the ill news, your so sad Robin Gray
That your blue bonnett hangs over your brow
Sad & sad news I've read Robert Burns now is dead
And the ploughman weeps over his plough
 Oh well, oh well a day.

His pipe mute for aye and for aye Robin Gray
No more shall we try to his song
Aye cold as a clod underneath the green sod
Poor Robin they've laid all along
 (3)

(Codman) The Glasses Sparkle &c

The glasses sparkle ^① on the board
 The wine shines ruby bright
 The reign of pleasure is restored
 Of ease and gay delight
 The day is gone the night's our own
 Then let us feast the soul
 If any pain or care remain
 Why drown it in the bowl. //

This world they say's a world of woe ^②
 But that I do deny
 Can sorrow from the goblet flow
 Or pain from beauty's eye
 The wise are fools with all their rules
 When they would care controul
 If life's a pain I say again
 Why drown it in the bowl //

That time flies fast ^③ the poet sings
 Then surely it is wine
 In rosy wine to dip his wings
 And catch him as he flies
 The night is ours then straw with
 The moments as they roll
 If any pain or care remain
 Why drown it in the bowl. //

59

On the cold flinty rock.

(1)

On this cold flinty rock I will lay down my head. And happy I'll sing through
the night. The moon shall shine sweetly upon my cold bed. And the stars crowded to give me
their light. Then came to me my gentle dear, and turn thy

(Pratt) Loudon's Bonnie Woods & Braes.

(1)

Loudon bonie woods and braes I must ha' them a lassie. Wha can thole when

British faer would gie' Britons law lassie. Wha would shun the field of danger

Wha fra fauer would live a stranger. Nor when freedom bid avenge her

Wha would shun her ea' lassie? Loudous happy wood and braes. Has seen our hap

By bridal days. And gentle hope shall sooth the woe, when I am far awa' lassie,

Hark the swelling bugle sings
 Bielding joy to the laddie
 But the dolefu' bugle brings
 Woe fu' thoughts to me laddie. —
 Sauny I may climb the mountain
 Leauny stray beside the fountain
 Till the weeny moments countin'
 Far frae love and thee, laddie;
 Fer the gory fields of war
 When vengeance drives his crimson car
 Thonlt may-be fa' frae me afar
 An' nae to close thy ee laddie

O resume thy wanted smile
 I suppress thy fears lassie
 That the soldier share lassie
 Heaven will shield thy faithful lover
 Till the vengefull strife is over
 Then wi'll meet na more to sever
 Till the day we die lassie
 Wi'll be in our bonnie woods and braes
 Will spend our peaceful happy days
 As blithes you lightome lamb that plays
 On London's flowery lea. lassie.

Oh the days are gone.

①

Oh the days are gone when beauty bright
 My hearts chain wove
 When my dream of bliss from morn till night
 Was love, still love.
 New hope may bloom
 And days may come
 Of milder calmer beam
 But theres nothing half so sweet in life
 As love young dream
 Oh theres &

②

Though the bard to fainer fame may sow
 When wild youths past.
 Though he win the wise who frowned before
 To smile at last
 Hell never meet
 A joy so sweet
 In all his noon of fame
 As when first he sung to woman's ear
 His soulful flame
 And at every ^{closed} pause she blushed to hear
 The one loved name.

Oh that hallowed form is ne'er forgot
 Which first love traced
 Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
 On memory's waste
 Twas odour fled
 As soon as shed
 Twas morning's winged dream
 Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream
 Oh twas light &c.

Burns' Farewell

To the brethren of St James Lodge Tarbolton.

①

Adieu! a heart warm fond adieu!
 Dear brothers of the mystic tie
 Aye favoured ye enlightened few
 Companions of my social joy,
 Tho' I to foreign lands must go
 Pursuing fortune's slippery ba'
 With melting heart and brimful eye
 I'll mind you still tho' far away

Oft have I met your social band
 And spent the cheerful festive night
 Oft honored with supreme command
 Presided o'er the sons of light
 And by that biographical bright
 Which none but crafts men ever saw
 Strong memory on my heart shall write
 Those happy scenes when far awa'!
 ③

May freedom, harmony and love
 Unite you in the grand design
 Beneath the omniscient eye divine above
 The glorious architect divine
 That you may keep the unerring line
 Still rising by the plumbets law
 Till order bright completely shine
 Shall be my prayer when far awa'

④
 And you farewell! whose merit claim
 Justly that highest badge to wear
 Heaven bless you honored noble name
 To Masonry and Scotia dear
 A last request permit me here
 When yearly ye assemble a'
 Our round Task it with a tear
 To balm the bair that's far awa'.

Corporal Caisy

65

When I was a boy I was young and was frisky.
My dad kept a pig, and my mam, she sold whisky.
I had an rich uncle who ne'er would be aisy,
Till I was enlisted by Corporal Caisy.

Och! my rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Caisy,
The deuce sure was in him, I ne'er could be lazy.
He stuck so close to me, old Corporal Caisy
With my rub a dub, row de dow Corporal, ho!

We went to Kilarney and as I was thinking
In Sholah, my heart in my bosom was sinking.
But soon I was forced to look bright as a dairy
For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Caisy
Och! my ye

We went into battle I took the blows fairly
That fell on my pate oh! they bothered me rarely
But who do you think fell the first? why an't ~~die~~
It was my old friend honest Corporal Caisy.

Och my rub a dub row de dow Corporal Caisy
Thinks you are dead and now I shall be aisy
So I bid adieu, to Corporal Caisy
With my rub a dub row de dow Corporal, ho.

Come send round the wine.

(1)

Come send round the wine and leave points of belief
 To giveleton sages and reasoning fools
 This moment's a flower too fair and brief
 To be withered and stained by the dust of the schools
 Yon a glass may be purple and mine may be blue
 But while they're both filled from the same bright bowl
 The wretch who could quarrel for difference of hue
 Deserves not the comfort they shed on the soul

(2)

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
 In the cause of mankind if our creeds agree?
 Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried
 If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
 From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly
 To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
 No! perish the hearts and the laws that try
 Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this

Faithless Emma!

67

①

I wandered once at break of day
While yet upon the sunless sea
In wanton sights the breeze delayed
And over the wavy wavy surface played
Then first the fairest face I knew
First loved the eye of softest blue
And ventured fearful first to sip
The sweets that hung upon the lip.

Of faithless Emma

So mixed the rose and lilly white
That nature seemed uncertain quite
To deck her cheek what flower to choose
The lilly or the blushing rose?
I with I never had seen her eye
Nor seen her cheek of doubtful die
And never never dared to sip
The sweets that hung upon the lip.

②

Of faithless Emma

For the from rony dawn of day
I rove along and anxious stray
Till night with curtain dark descend
And day no more its gleamings lend:
Yet still like hers no cheek I find
Like hers no eye save in my mind
Where still I fancy that I sipp
The sweets that hung upon the lip.

Of faithless Emma

(1)

Oh whistle and I'll come to you my lad

Oh whistle &c

The father and mother and a' shouls gaunad

Oh whistle &c

But waulp tent when ye come to court me

And come na unles the back yet be aye

Syne up the back stile and let na body see

And come as ye were nae comin to me //

(2)

Oh whistle and

Oh whistle &

The father &

Thy fauny will venture with ye my lad

At Kirk or at market whene'er ye meet me

Gang by me as tho ye cauld nae a flic

But steal me a blink of your bonnie black eye

Yet look as ye were nae looking at me //

(3)

Oh whistle

Oh whistle &c

The father and mother &c

Thy fauny &c

By vow and protest that ye can nae forme

And whyles ye may lightly my beauty, aye

But court nae anither tho joking ye be

For fear that she ablyse your fancy from me //

68

O think not my spirits.

(1)

Oh think not my spirits were always as light
And as free from a pang as they seem to you now,
Nor expect that the heart-bēaming smile of tonight
Will return with tomorrow to brighten my brow
No life is a waste of wearisome hours
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns
But send round the bowl, ~~and let a yule~~ and be happy awhile
May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here
Than the tear that enjoyment can git with a smile
And the smile that enchantment can turn to a tear.

(2)

The thread of our life would be dark heaven knows
If it were not for friendship and love intertwined
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind.
But the who have loved the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed
And the heart that has slumbered in friendship securest
I happy indeed if twas never deceived.
But send round the bowl, while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman this prayer shall be mine
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

Drink to me only.

(1)

Drink to me only with thine eyes
 And I will pledge with mine
 Or leave a kiss within the cup
 And I'll not look for wine

Drink to me only.

(2)

The Thirst that from the soul doth rise,
 Requires a drink divine
 But night of Jove's nectar's sip
 I would not barter thine

Drink to me.

(3)

I sent thee late a roseate wreath
 Not so much honoring thee,
 As giving it a hope that there
 It would not withered be

Drink to me.

(4)

But thou thereon didst only breathe
 And sent it back to me
 Since which it blooms and smells, I swear
 Not of itself but thee

Drink to me.

70
There's not a look.

(1)

There's not a look a word of thine
"My soul hath e'er forgot"
Thou never has bid a ringlet shine
Nor given thy face graceful twine
"Which I remember not."

(2)

There never yet a murmur fell
"From that beguiling tongue,"
Which did not with a languishing spell
Upon my charmed senses dwell
"Like something heaven had sung."

(3)

Ah that I could at once forget
"All that haunts me so,"
And yet thou watching girl and yet
To die were sweeter than to let
"The loved remembrance go."

(4)

No if this slighted pulse must see
"Its faithful pulse decay."
Oh! let it die remembering thee
And like the burst bloom be
"Consumed in sweets away."

The Moon dimmed her beams. 3.

(1)

The moon dimmed her beams in a feathering cloud
As she sailed thro' the star studded vault of the sky,
And slowly the moss covered branches all bowed
To the breeze of night moaning dimly by
When o'er the long grass of her lover's narrow bed
The dew sprinkled daughter of Day reclined
Forlorn on the gray stone she rested her head
And sadly she sighed to each gust of the wind

(2)

Oh where is the warrior that awfully roars
In his might like the wide spreading oak on the heath
Alas the bright eye that flashed fire on his foes
For ever is closed in the slumber of death
In his hall not a string of the harp is now stirred
The bards sit around wrapt in silence and grief
And only the sobs of his father are heard
Who shall comfort the sorrowing soul of the chief?

(3)

Oh where are the blood crusted spear and the shield
In indolent rest beneath the wall they recline
And where are his dogs that were fierce in the field
Round his grass tufted hillock they linger in abine
O hear me thou spirit of Crothall attend
In pity look down on the house of thy rest
For thou cloth the fast falling tear drop discern
And thine the last sigh that escapes from my breast.

Good humored and fairly tipsy ⁷²

①

In praise of Silenus and Bacchus will sing
And merrily chase each dull moment away
While Venus kind goddess fresh comforts will bring
Well hail her in song every new coming day
But reason shall guide us and prudence will ^{poize}
And this ^{ever} old maxim be merry and wise ^{3d} //

②

To love oft we drink in full goblets of wine
And surely no Stoic can say we act wrong
If friendship and love be not blessings divine
In life there's no pleasure ~~no~~ in music in song
Still reason'd.

③

When Arthur the great with his Knights brave ^{bold}
Around their famed table so merrily sung
A bumper was filled to the heroes of old
While around them the trophies of victory hung
The monarch elated good humoredly cries,
Boys if you get tipsy be merry and wise

Flowers of the Heath.

The violet and the primrose too ^①
 Beneath a sheltering thorny bough
 In bright and lively colours flow
 And cast sweet fragrance round
 Where beds of thyme in clusters lay
 The heathrose opens its eye in May
 And cowslips too their sweets display
 Upon the heathy ground

Here shepherds meet at close of day ^②
 To chant their merry roundelay
 And chase unhappy thoughts away
 No discord here is found
 Harmonious notes make mountains ring
 When minstrels strike the trembling string
 And merry shepherds dance and sing
 Upon the heathy ground

Ar hyd y nos. The live long night ⁷⁴

O

Another

My love how sad and gloomy
Seem the hours when thou art from me ^{Ar hyd y nos}
If my Harry could but hear me ^{Ar hyd y nos}
He would soon return and cheer me
And remain for ever near me ^{Ar hyd y nos}

Sweetly thus beside a fountain
Lies the maid of Mona mountain ^{large}
When the youth from war returning ^{large}
In whose breast true love was burning.
Came and changed ~~to~~ joy her mourning ^{Ar hyd y nos}

Twill yu ei bock - The dimpled cheek
 ①
 Thy dimpled cheek and sweet lovely mien
 Fill with delight every youth on the green
 Roses and lillies have beat their soft shade
 To make thee more fair than any fair maid.

Oh how I love thee - alas but in vain.
 Thou art betrothed to a wealthier swain
 Still still I adore thee - tho thus I'm repaid
 For thou art more fair than any fair maid.

Breuddwyd y frenhines. The Queens dream

①
 I fondly in my bosom cherished
 Thy vows and thought they were sincere
 But ah my dearest hopes are perished
 For thou art false as thou art fair //

Next to my heart I always wore thee
 (How different was my love from thine)
 And still alas - I must adore thee
 Though ne'er can hope to make thee mine //

146
Sublime was the warning. *James Blackjoke*

① Sublime was the warning that liberty spoke
And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
Into life and revenge from the conquerors chain
Liberty, let not this spirit have rest
Till it move like a breeze from o'er the waves of the west
Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot
Nor oh for the shamrock of Erin forgot
While you add to your garland the olive of Spain

② If the fame of our fathers bequeathed with their
Give to country its chain and to home its delights
If deceit be a wound and suspicion a stain
Open ye men of Iberia our cause is the same
And may his tomb want a tear and a name
Who would ask for a nobler a holier death
Than to take his last sigh into victory's breath
For the Shamrock of Erin and olive of Spain

③ Ye Blakes and O'Donnells whose fathers resigned
The green hills of their youth among strangers to find
That repose which at home they had sighed for in vain
Breath a hope that the magical flame which you light
May be felt yet in Erin as calm and as bright
And forgive even Albion while blushing she draws
Like a tyrant her sword in the long slighted cause
Of the Shamrock of Erin and olive of Spain

God prosper the cause - Oh it cannot but thrive
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive
Its devotion to feel and its rights to maintain
Then how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die
The finger of glory shall point where they lie
While far from the footstep of coward or slave
The young spirit of freedom shall shelter their grave
Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Leaves of Spain!

Silent oh Moyle.

48

①
Silent oh Moyle be the roar of thy water
Break not the breezes your chain of repose
While melanchining mournfully lets lonely daughter
Tell to the night star her tale of woe
When shall the swan her death note singing
Sleep with wings in darkness twated
When shall heaven its sweet bell ringing
Call my spirit from this stormy world

②
Sadly oh Moyle to thy winter wave weeping
Fate bids me languish long ages away
Yet still in her darkness it does with her sleeping
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay
When will that day star mildly springing
Warpe our isle with peace and love
When will Heaven its sweet bell ringing
Call my spirit to the fields of above.

Oh! breathe not his name.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade
 Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid:
 Sad silent (and dark be the tears that we shed)
 As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head

But the night-dew that falls, tho' in silence it weeps
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps
 And the tear that we shed, thought in secret it wills
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

It is not the tear at this moment shed

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
 When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
 That can tell how below I was the soul that's fled
 In how deep in our hearts we deplore him:
 'Tis the tear through many a long day wept,
 Through a life by his loss all shaded,
 'Tis the sad remembrance fondly kept,
 When all other griefs are faded!
 Oh! thus shall we mourn (and his memory's light
 While it shines through our hearts, will improve them;
 For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright
 When we think how he liv'd but to love these
 Fond as buried saints the grave perfume,
 Where fadeless they've long been lying
 To our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
 From the image he left there in dying.

Finis

under the wood

aram

⑥

82

Songs of Robert Burns.

A man's a man
For a' that. (Tune, how hard the fall)

(1)

Is there for honest poverty
Who hangs his head and a' that?
The coward slave we pass him by
And dare be poor for a' that
For a' that, and a' that
Our toils obscure and a' that
The rank is but the guinea stamp
The man is the gowd for a' that

(2)

What tho' on hanely face we see
Wear haddent gray and a' that
Gu fools their silk and knows their wine
A man's a man for a' that
For a' that and a' that
Their tinsel show and a' that
An honest man though ne'er so poor
Is cheif's men for a' that

Ye see you birkie ea'd a lord
 Wha struts and stares, and a' that
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word
 He's but a cuif for a' that
 For a' that and a' that

His ribbond star and a' that
 A man of independent mind
 Can look and laugh at a' that

The king can make a belted knight
 A marquis, duchie, and a' that
 An honest man's aboon his might
 Gude faith he manna fa' that
 For a' that and all that

His dignities and a' that
 The pith of sense, and pride of worth
 Are greater far than a' that

Then let us pray, that come it may,
 Let come it shall for a' that
 That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
 Shall bear the gree and a' that
 For a' that and a' that

Its coming yet for a' that
 When man to man the warld a'er
 Shall brothers be and a' that.

84

Had I a cave. (Tune Robin Adair)

(1)

Had I a cave on some wild distant shore
Where the winds howl to the waves dashing now
There would I weep my woes
There seek my lost repose
Till grief my eyes should close
(Never to wake more)

(2)

Fairest of womankind canst thou declare
All thy fond delighted vows, ^{fleeting} as air
To thy new lover lie
Laugh o'er thy misery
Open in thy bosom thy
What peace is there

Highland Mary.

(1)

Ye banks and bras and streams around
The castle of Montgomery
Green be your fields and fair your flowers
Your waters never drumlie
There summer first unfolds her robes
And there they laugst tarry
For there I took the last farewell
Of my dear Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk
 How rich the hawthorn blossom
 As underneath her fragrant shade
 I clasped her to my bosom.
 The golden hours on angel wings
 Flew o'er me and my dearie
 For dear to me as light and life
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace
 Our parting was fu' tender
 And pledging aft to meet again
 We tore ourselves asunder
 But oh fell death's untimely frost
 That nipp'd my flower so early
 Now green's the rod and cauld's the claes
 That wraps my Highland Mary.

I pale pale now those rosy lips
 I aft ha' kisst so fondly,
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me so kindly
 And mouldering now in silent dust
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly,
 But still within my bosom core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

On a bank of flowers.

86

On a bank of flowers in a summer day,
For summer lightly, drest
The youthful blooming Nelly lay,

With love and sleep apprest
When Willie wandering through the wood
Who for her favour oft had sued
He gazed he feared he wished he blushed
And trembled where he stood

Her closed eyes like weapons sheathed
Were sealed in soft repose
Her lips, still as the fragrant breathed
As richer dyes the rose
The springing lillies sweetly dressed
With wanton kissed her rival breast
He gazed he wished he feared he blushed
His bosom ill at rest

Her robes light waving in the breeze
Her tender limbs embrace
Her lovely form her native ease
All harmony and grace
Sumptuous tides his pulses roll
A fainting ardent kiss he stole
He gazed, he wished he feared he blushed
And sighed his very soul

As flies the partridge from the brake
So Nelly starting half awake ^{On fear inspired wings}
Away affrighted springs
But Willie followed as he should
He overtook her in the wood
He vowed he prayed he found the maid
^{Forgiving all and good}

Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
 And never brought to mind?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot
 And days o' lang syne
 For auld lang syne my dear
 For auld lang syne we'll take a cup
 Of kindness yet, for auld lang syne

We two ha'e run about ⁽²⁾ the braes
 And pulled the gowan's fine
 But we're wandered mony a weary foot
 Sin' auld lang syne ⁽²⁾ For auld lang syne

We two ha'e paddlet in the burn
 Frae morning sun till dene
 But seas between us braid ha'e roared
 Sin' auld lang syne ⁽³⁾ For auld lang syne

And there's a hand my trysty feire
 And gives a hand ⁽⁴⁾ thine
 And we'll tak' a right guid-weel-waught
 For auld lang syne ⁽⁴⁾ For auld ge

And surely you'll be your pint stoop
 And surely I'll be mine
 And we'll tak' a cup of kindness yet
 For auld lang syne ⁽⁵⁾ For auld lang syne

Mary.

88

(Tune I have loved her)

①

Powers Celestial whose protection
Ever guards the virtuous fair
While in distant climes I wander
Let my Mary be your care
Let her form as fair as faultless
Fair and faultless as your own
Let my Marys kindred spirit
Draw your choicest influence down

②

Make the gales you waft around her
Soft and peaceful as her breast
Breathing in the breeze that fans her
Sooth her bosom into rest
Guardian angels O protect her
When in distant lands I roam
To realms unknown while fate exiles ^{me}
Make her bosom still my home

Farwell to Ayrshire, *Since I have loved thee*

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure (1)
 Scenes that other thoughts renew

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure
 Now a sad a last adieu

Bonny doon see sweet aigloamur

Fare the weel before I gang

Bonny doon whare early roaming

First I weaved the rustic song

Bowers adieu whare love decoying (2)

First enthrall'd this heart of mine
 There the safest sweets enjoying

Sweets that memory never can忘

Friends so near my bosom ever

Ye haenredeid moments dear
 But alas when forced to sever

Then the stroke oh how severe

Friends that parting tear preserve it (3)

Tho tis doubly dear to me

Could I think I did deserve it

How much happier should I be
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure

Scenes ^{that} former thoughts renew

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure

Now a last a sad adieu

A Rosebud by my early walk.

①
A rosebud by my early walk
Lie down a corn inclosed bank
See gently bent its thorny stalk
All on a dewy morning
Ere twice the shades of dawn are fled
In a its crimson glory spread
And drooping with its dewy head
It scents the early morning

②
Within the bush her covert nest
A little linnet lonely forest
The dew sat chilly on her breast
So early in the morning
She soon shall see her tender brood
The pride the pleasure of the wood
Among the fresh green leaves bedewed
Awake the early morning

③
So thou dear bird young Jenny fair
On trembling string, or vocal air
Shall sweetly sing the tender care.

That tents thy early morning
So thou sweet rosebud young and gay
Shall ~~keep~~ a beauteous blaze upon the day
And bless the parents evening ray
That watched thy early morning

95 How lang and dreary is the night

From Cauld Hall in Abo.

(1)

How lang and dreary is the night
When I am free my dearie
I restles lie free e'en to morn
Though I were ne'er so weary

Chorus

For oh her lanely nights are long
And oh her dreams are eare
And oh her widowed heart is sain
That's absent from her dearie

(2)

When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee my dearie
And now what seas between us roar
How can I be but eare.
For oh

(3)

How slow ye move ye heavy hours
The joyless day how dreary
It wos nae sae ye glided by
When I was with my dearie
For oh

92
My Nannie's awa. (Tune *Sheath the soft night*)

(1)

Now in her green mantle blyth nature arrays
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes
While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw
But to me its delightless - my Nannie's awa

(2)

The snow-drops and primrose our woodlands adorn
And violets bathe in the weet of the morn
They have my sad bosom see sweetly they blow
They mind me of Nannie - and Nannie's awa

(3)

Thou lark that springs frae the deer of the lawn
The shepherd to warn of the grey breaking dawn
And thou mellowmauris that hails the night fa'
Give over for pity - my Nannie's awa'

(4)

Come autumn sae puise in yellow and grey
And sooth me with tidings o' nature's decay
The dark dreary winter and wild-driving snow
None can delight me - now Nannie's awa

Fairiest maid on Devon banks.

(True copy of the title-page)

(1)

Fairiest maid on Devon banks
 Chrystal Devon winding Devon
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside
 And smile as thou wert wont to do
 Full well thou knowest I love thee dear
 Couldst thou to malice lend an ear
 O did not love exclaim Forbear
 Nor use a faithful lover so

(2)

Fairiest maid on Devon banks
 Chrystal Devon winding Devon
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside
 And smile as thou wert wont to do
 Then come thou fairest of the fair
 Those wondred smiles Oh let me share
 And by thy beauteous self I swear
 No love but thine my heart shall know

94 95

Thickest night surround my dwelling

(Tune Musing on the road
by sea)

The speaker is supposed to be concealed in some part of the Highlands after the defeat and dispersion of his party, in following the fortunes of the Chivaliers de St George.

(1)

Thickest night surround my dwelling
Howling tempests o'er me rave
Horrid torrents wintry swelling
Roaring by my lonely cave
Chrysal streamslets gently flowing
Bury haunts of base mankind
Western breezes softly flowing
Suit not my distracted mind

(2)

In the cause of right engaged
Wrong injurious to redress
Honour war we strongly waged
But the heavens denied success
Bruis wheel has driven o'er us
Not a hope that dare attend
The wide world is all before us
But a world without a friend?

John Anderson.

(1) John Anderson my Jo John
 When nature first began
 To try her canny hand John
 Her master work was man
 And you aboon them a' John
 Sac trig from top to toe
 She probes to be no journey work
 John Anderson my Jo

(2) John Anderson my Jo John
 When were first acquaint
 Your locks were like the ~~she~~ John
 Your bonnie brow was brent
 But now your brow is bald John
 Your locks are like the snow
 Yet blessings on your frosty pow
 John Anderson my Jo

(3) John Anderson my Jo John
 What pleasure it is to see
 The young and lovely brood John
 Bring it up twixt you and me
 And ilka lad and lass John
 In our footsteps to go
 Sure makes a heaven here on earth
 John Anderson my Jo.

96

9
on
u

(4)

John Anderson my Jo John
Fates up and down we've went
Aye aye whatever lot John

We with it were content
And that's the best of yeae John

It ha' us ne'er call yo
The good be seant love we'll ne'er want

John Anderson my Jo

(5)

John Anderson my Jo John
Life's hill we climb to gither
And mony a earty, day John

We ha' had with one another
But now we're tottering down John
So hand in hand we'll go
And we'll sleep togither at the foot

John Anderson my Jo

John Anderson my Jo John

When we again awake
Our bains we will collect John
And then our journey take
For hearts deov'd of quitt John

Find friends wherick they go
And seraphs bright shall guide us right
John Anderson my Jo

A Catch.

Come let us have another song or two
We'll sing this catch and then I'll call on you
For you can sing I know and so can you.

O were my love

Oh were my love you blac fair
 With purple blossoms to the spring
 And I a bird to shelter there
 When weari'd on my little wing
 How I woud mourn when it was took
 By autumn wild and winter rude
 But I woud sing on wanton wing
 When mery may its bloom renew'd

(2)

O were my love you violet sweet
 That keeps his free 'neath the hawthorn spray
 And I mysel the zephyr's breath
 Smelling its bonny leaves to play
 I'd fan it with a constant gale
 Beneath the noon tide's scorching ray
 And sprinkle it with freshest dew
 At morn ing dawn and parting day

(3)

I giv my love were you red rose
 That grows upon the castle wa'
 And I mysel a drop of dew
 Into her bonny breast to fa'
 Oh there beyond expression blest
 I'd feast on beauty a' the night
 Seal'd on her silk soft fields to rest
 Till flayed away by morning's light

My love's like &c.

98

①
My love's like the red red rose
That's newly sprung in June
My love's like the melody
That sweetly played in June
"As fair art thou my bonnie lass
So deep in love in love am I
And I can love thee still my dear
Till all the seas gang dry" //

②

Till all the seas gang dry my dear
And the rocks melt with the sun
I will love thee still my dear
While the sands of life shall run
"And fare thee well my only love
Fare thee well a little while
And I will come again my love
Tho' twere ten thousand mile" //

O let me in &c

(1)
O lassie art thou sleeping yet
Or art thou wakin I would wot
For love has bound me hand and foot
And I would fain be in jo'

~~O let me in this a night~~
This a night this a night
For pity's sake this a night
O rise and let me in jo'

(2)

Thou heast the winter wind and weet
No star blinks thro' the driving sleet
Take pity on my weary feet
And shield me fra the rain, jo'

~~O let me in &c~~

(3)

The bitter blast that round me blows
Unfeeted howls unheeded so's
The cauldness of thy heart the cause
Of a my grief and pain, jo'

~~O let me in &c~~

The Answer

100

Her Answer.

(1)
Tell me of wind and rain
Upbraid me we could disdain
Go back the gait ye came again
I will let you in, jo.

I tell you now this a night
This a night this a night
And once for a this a night
I will let you in, jo.

(2)
The mildest blast at mirkest hours
That round the pathless wanderer goes
I, nought to what poor she endures
Who trusted faithless man, jo.

I tell you now &c

(3)
The sweetest flower that decked the mead
Now trodden like the vilest weed
Let simple maid the lesson read
The weird may be her ain, jo,

I tell you now &c

(4)
The bird that charmed his summer day
Is now the cruel fowlers prey
Let wileless trusting woman say
How afts her fate's the same, jo.

I tell you now &c

Lassie with the Locks

Lassie wi' the lilywhite locks (1)
 Bonny lassie art thou lassie

Wilt thou wi' me tend the flocke
 Wilt thou be my dearie O

Now nature decks the flowry ha
 And a' is young and sweet like thee
 O wilt thou share its joys wi' me
 And say thou'lt be my dearie O

Lassie wi' ye (2)

Bonnie lassie &c
 Wilt thou &c

Wilt thou &c
 When Cynthia lights wi' silver rays
 The weary sheans have maid way
 Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray
 And talk of love my dearie O

Lassie (3)

Bonnie
 Wilt thou } &c
 Wilt thou }

And when the welcome summer shower
 Has cheered ilk drooping little flower
 Well to the breathing woodbine bower
 At sultry noon my dearie O.

Lassie (4)

Bonnie
 Wilt thou } &c
 Wilt thou }

And when the howling wintry blast
 Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest
 Enclasped to my faithful breast
 I'll comfort thee my dearie O.

102

There was a lass 3e

(1)

There was a lass and she was fair
At kirk and market to be seen
When a' our fairest maids were met
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean
And aye she wrought her maminie's work
And aye she sang sic merrily
The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she

(2)

But hawk will rob the tender joys
That blisst the little linnwatter's nest
And frost will blight the fairest flowers
And love will break the soundest rest
Young Robin was the bravest lad
The flower and foride of a the glen
And he had owen sheep and kye
And wanton naiges nine or ten

(3)

He gaed wi' Jenny to the tryste
He danced wi' Jenny on the down
And lang e'er witt' Jenny witt
Her heart was tint her peace was stown
As in the bosom of the stream
The moonbeam dwells ^{at dewy een} ~~near the stream~~
So trembling fane war tender love
Within the breast of bonnie Jean

(4)

And now she works her mairies wark
 And ay she sighs wi' care and pain
 She wist na' what her pain might be
 Or what wad make her weel again
 But did na Jeannie's heart leap light
 And did not joy blink in her eye
 As ~~Robie~~ told a tale of love
 An evening on the lilly lea

(5)

The sun was sinking in the west
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove
 His cheek to hers he fondly laid
 And whisped thus his tale of love
 O Jeannie fair I loe thee dear
 Canst thou think to fancy me
 Or wilt thou leave thy mairies cob
 And leach to tent the farms wi' me

(6)

At barn or byre thou shalt not drudge
 Or nothing else to trouble thee
 But stray among the heather bells
 And leach the waving cover wi' me
 Now what could artless Jeannie do
 She had na will to say him na'
 At length she blushed a sweet concert
 And love was aye between them twa.

104

Oh this is no my ain Lassie.

①
Oh this is no my ain lassie
Fair tho' the lassie be
Oh weel ken I my ain lassie
Kind love is in her ee
I see a form I see a face
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place
It wants to me the withering grace
The kind love that's in her ee

②

Oh this ye
She's bonnie blooming straight and tall
And lang has had my heart in thrall
And ay it charms my very soul
The kind love that's in her eye

③

Oh this ye
A biep see cunning is my Jean
To steal a blink by a unseen
But gleg as light are loves e'en
When kind love is in the eye

④

Oh this ye
It may escape the countly sparks
It may escape the leand clerks
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that in her ee

Sax flaxen were her ringlets

①

Sax flaxen was her ringlets
Her eyebrows of a darker hue
Bewitchingly o'er arching
Two laughing e'en of bonnie blue
Her smiling sae whyling
Would make a wretch forget his woe
What pleasure, what treasure
Unto these rosy lips to graw
Such was my Chloris bonnie face
When first her bonnie face I saw:
And ay my Chloris dearest charm
She says she loves me best of a'

②

Like harmony her motion
Her pretty ankle is a spy
Betraying fair proportion
Would make a saint forget the sky
Sax warming sae charming
Her faultless form and gracefu' air
Her feature-dame nature
Declared that she could do na'mair
Her's are the willing chains o' love
By conquering Beauty's sovereign law

But ah my Chloris dearest charm
She says she loves me best of a'

106

(3)

Let others love the cities
And gaudy shew at sunny noon
Give me the lonely valleys
The dewy eve and rising moon
Fair beaming and streaming
Her silver light the boughs among
While falling recalling
The amorous thrush concludes his song
There dearest Chloris wilt thou rove
By whinpling, burn and leafy shaw
And hear my vows o' truth and love
And say she loves me best of a'

Young Peggy

(Tune Soldiers Return)

Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass
Her blush is like the morning
The rory dawn the springing grass
With early gems adorning
Her eyes catch the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower
And glitter o'er the crystal streams
And cheer each freshning flower

(2)

Her lips more than the cherries bright
A richer die has graced them
They charm the admiring gazer's sight
And sweetly tempt to taste them
Her smile is as the evening mild
When feathered pairs are courting
When little lambkins wanton wild
In playful bands disporting.

(3)

Her fortune lovely, Peggs's foe
Such sweetness would relent her
As blooming spring unbends the bough
Of sultry savage winter
Detractors eye no aim can gain
Her winning powers to lessen
And fretful envy grins in vain
The poisoned tooth to fasten.

(4)

Ye powers of honor, love and truth
From every ill defend her
Inspire the highly favoured youth
She destitutes intend her
Still fan the sweet eunuchial flame
Responsive in each bosom
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom.

108

Musing on the roaring ocean

(1)

Musing on the roaring ocean
Which divides my love and me
Weaving heaven in warm devotion
For his weel where'er he be
Hope and fear's alternate bellow
Yielding late to nature's law
Whispering spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that's far awa'

(2)

He whom sorrow never never wounded
He who never shed a tear
Can untroubled, joy surrounded
Gaudy day to you is dear
Gentle night do you befriend me
Downy sleep the curtain draw
Spunits kind again attend me
Talk of him that's far awa'

Wha wadna be in love.

①
 Wha would na' be in love
 Wi' bonnie Maggie Lawder
 A piper met her gaurn to Fife
 And spied what wast they ca'd her
 Right scornfully she answered him
 Begone you hallaushalter
 Fogg on your gate you bladderskate
 My name is Maggie Lawder

②
 "Maggie" quo he "and by thy bags
 I'm fidging fain to see thee
 Set down by me my bonnie bairn
 In troth I winna steer thee
 For I'm a piper to my trade
 My name is Rob the Rauter
 The lasses lout as they were clapt
 When I blow up my chanter."

"Piper" quo Meg "hac ye your bags?"

Or is your drone in order

If you be Rob, I've heard of you

Live you upo' the border

The lasses a' baith far and near

Have heard of Rob the Rauter

I'll shake my foot wi' right good will

Gif you'll blow up your chantar

Then to his bags he flew with speed

About the drone he twisted

Meg up and walloped oer the green

For brawly could they frisk it

Weel done quo he "Play up quo she

Weel bobbed quo Rob the Rauter

It worth my while to play indeed

When I ha'e sic a dancer

Weel ha'e you played your part quo ^{Meg}

Your cheeks are like the crimson

There's nae in Scotland plays so weel

Since we lost Habbie Simson

I've lived in fife both maid and wife

These ten years and a quarter

Gin ye should come to Linster fair

Spier ye for Maggie lauder

Now rosie May (Dainty Davie)

Now rosie May comes in wi' flowers
 To deck her gay green spreading bower,
 And now come in my happy hours
 To wander wi' my Davie

The chrystal waters round us fa'
 The melody birds are bower a'
 The scented breezes round us blow
 A wandering wi' my Davie

Meet me at the warlock knowe
 Bonny Davie dainty Davie
 There I'll spend the day wi' you
 My ain dear dainty Davie

When purple morning starts the hare
 To steal upon her early fare
 Then through the ~~dales~~ I will repair
 To meet my faithful Davie

When day expiring in the west
 The curtain draws of Natures rest
 I'll flee to arms I loe the best
 An that's my ain dear Davie.

Meet me &c.

Bruce's address to his army,

112

Scots wha ha wi Wallace ble
Scots wham Bruce has often led
Welcome to your gory bed
Or to victory,

(1) Now's the day and night the hour
See approach broad Edward's power
See the front of battle bear
Chains & Slavery

Wha will be a traitor know
Wha will fill a coward's grave
Wha is base as be a slave
Let him turn and flee

(2) Wha for Scotland's hig and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw
Freeman stand or Freeman fa'
Let him follow me

By oppression's woes and pains
By your sons in servile chains
We will drain our dearest veins
Till they shall be free

(3) Lay the proud usurper low
Tyrants fall in every place
Liberty in every blos
Let us do or die

Of a' the airts g'd

(1)

Of a' the airts the wind can blow
 I dearly lo'e the west
 For the bonnie lassie lives
 The lassie I lo'e best
 There wild wood, groves and rivers now
 And mony a hill between
 But day and night - my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi my Jean.

(2)

I see her in the dewy flowers
 I see her sweet and fair
 I hear her in the tuneful birds
 I hear her charm the air
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain shaw or green
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings
 But mind me of my Jean

(3)

Her lips are like the red rose bud
 Sweet blushing to the thorn
 Her breath is fresher than the beam
 The fragrance of the thorn
 The dewdrop in the morning sun
 It canna match her een
 O life would be nae joys for me
 If 'twere not for my Jean

Dear is the spot I saw her first
 The grove where aft we met
 But where I bade her last farewell
 That place I'll never forget
 For there within my arms she vowed
 (The tear was in her eye)
 That heaven and earth and a world change
 Ere she should cease to me

Husband husband cease your strife.

(1)

(Wife) Husband husband cease your strife
 No longer I by name sir
 Tho' I am your wedded wife
 Yet I am not your slave sir
 (Hus) One of us two must still obey
 Nancy Nancy
 Is it man or woman say
 My spouse Nancy

(2)

(Wife) If tis still the lordly word
 Service and obedience
 I'll desert my sovereign lord
 And so good bye allegiance
 (Hus) Sad will I be to bereft

Nancy Nancy

Yet I'll try to make a shift
 My spouse Nancy

(3)

(Wife) My poor heart then break it must
 My last hour is near it
 When you lay me in the dust
 Think think how you will bear it
 (Hus) I will hope and trust in Heaven
 Nancy Nancy
 Strength to bear it will be given
 My spouse Nancy

(4)

(Wife) Well sir from the silent dead
 Still I try to haunt you
 Ever roamed your midnight bed
 Horrid sprites shall haunt you
 (Hus) I'll wed another like my dear
 Nancy Nancy
 Then the devil will fly for fear
 My spouse Nancy

The Thorn.

From the white blossomed sloe
My dear Chloe requested,
A sprig, her fair breast to ~~adorn~~;
No, by Heavens, I exclaimed may I
If ever I plant in that bosom a ^{freeish} _{thorn}

Then I shewed her a ring
And implored her to marry
She blushed like the dawning of
Yes she replied I'll consent if you'll promise
That no jealous rival shall taugh me to



Composed by

C. W. Wild. Musicmaster.
Boston.

116.

Their groves of Sweet Myrtle

(1)

Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands peek on
These bright beaming summers exalt the perfume
Far dearer to me are the groves of green bracken
With the bairn stealing under the long yellow broom
Far dearer to me are these humble broom boweries
Where the blue bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen
For there lightly tripping among the ^{wild} green flowers
Is bairning the bairn of wandering gear

(2)

Thee rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave
These sweet scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace
What are they? The haunt of the tyrant and slave
The slaves spicry forests and gold bubbling fountains
The brave Caledonian views with disdain
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains
Love loves willing fettered ^{chains of his gear.}

in the middle of the page.

Tom Halliard.

118

Now the rage of battle ended,
And the foe for mercy call;
Death no more in smoke and thunder
Rode upon the vengeful ball;

Yet, what brave and loyal heroes
Saw the sun of morning bright,
Ah! condemned by cruel fortune
Never to see the star of night.

From the maindeck to the quarter
Strewed with limbs, and wet with ^{blood}
Poor Tom Halliard, pale & wounded
Crawled where his brave Captain ^{stood}
Oh! my noble captain, tell me,
Dre I'm borne a corpse away.

Have I done a seaman's duty
On this great this glorious day

Tell a dying sailor truly
For my life is fleeting fast
Have I done a sailor's duty

119
Can they ought my misery blast
Ah brave Tom replied the Captain
Thou a sailor's part hath done
I cure thy wounds with sorrow
Wounds by which our glory's won.

Thanks my Captain ^④ life is ebbing
Fast from this deep wounded heart
Yet oh grant one little favour
Ere I from this world depart.
Bid some kind and trusty sailor
When I'm numbered with the dead
For my true and constant Cath'rine
Cut a lock from this poor head

Bid him to my Cath'rine bear it
Saying hers alone I die
Kate will keep the mournful present
And embalm it with a sigh
Bid him too this letter bear her
Which I've penned with parting breath
Kate will ponder on the writing
When the hand is cold in death.

⑥ That I will replied the Captain
And be ever both' rine's friend
Thanks, my good, my kind commander
Now my pains my sorrows end
Mute towards the Captain weeping
Tom upraised a thankful eye
Grateful then his feet embracing
Sunk with that on his last night

⑦ Who that saw a scene so mournful
Could without a tear depart
He must own a savage nature
Pity never warmed his heart.
Now in his white hammock shrouded
By the kind and pensive crew
As he dropped into the ocean
All sighed out Poor Tom adieu.

THE STORM.

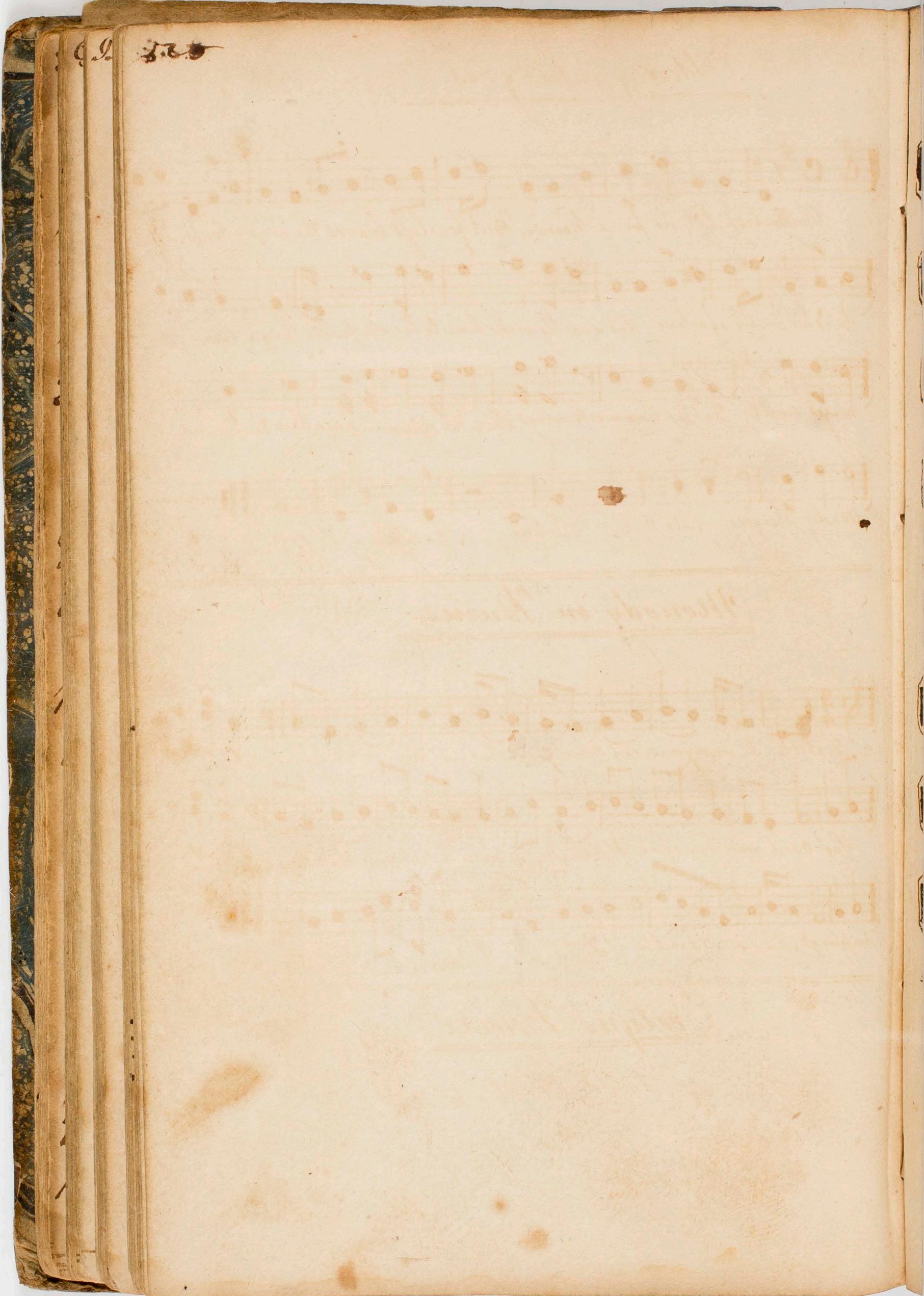
Beast, rude Boreas, blustering rafter,
 List ye landsmen, all to me;
 Messmate, hear a brother sailor,
 Sing the dangers of the sea;
 From bounding billows first in motion,
 When the distant whirlwinds rise
 To the tempest troubled ocean,
 Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark the boats wain hoarsely bawling;^②
 By topsail sheet and halyards stand,
 Down top gallants quick be hauling,
 Down your stay sails, hand boys, hand!
 Now it freshens, set the braces,
 Now the top sail sheets let go,
 Luff boys, luff, don't make wry faces,
 Up your topsails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down beds of softing,^③
 Fondly locked in beauty's arms,
 Fresh enjoyments, wanton courting,
 Safe from all but love's alarms.

Round us roars the tempest louder,¹²²
Think what fears our minds enthrall;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the bo'sun calls.

The topsail yards point to the ^{boys} winds,
See them clear to reef each coarse,
Let the foresheet go, don't mind, boys,
Tho' the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the spirit sail yard get,
Reef the mizen, see all clear,
Hands up, each preventer brace set,
Man the fore yard, cheer lads, cheer.



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Steady, she goes.

Handwritten musical score for 'Steady, she goes.' The score consists of three staves of music in common time (indicated by a 'C') and a key signature of one sharp (indicated by a 'F#'). The lyrics are written in a cursive hand below the music. The first two lines of lyrics are: 'The British tar no peril knows, But fearless braves the angry deeps. The'. The third line continues: 'ships his cradle a'frose' (with a note over 'a'frose'), 'And sweetly rocks him to his sleep. He though the raging'. The fourth line continues: 'surges swell' (with a note over 'surges'), 'In his hammock swings When the steersman sings When the steersman sings'. The fifth line concludes: 'Steady she goes All's Well All's Well Steady she goes'.

Monody on Burns.

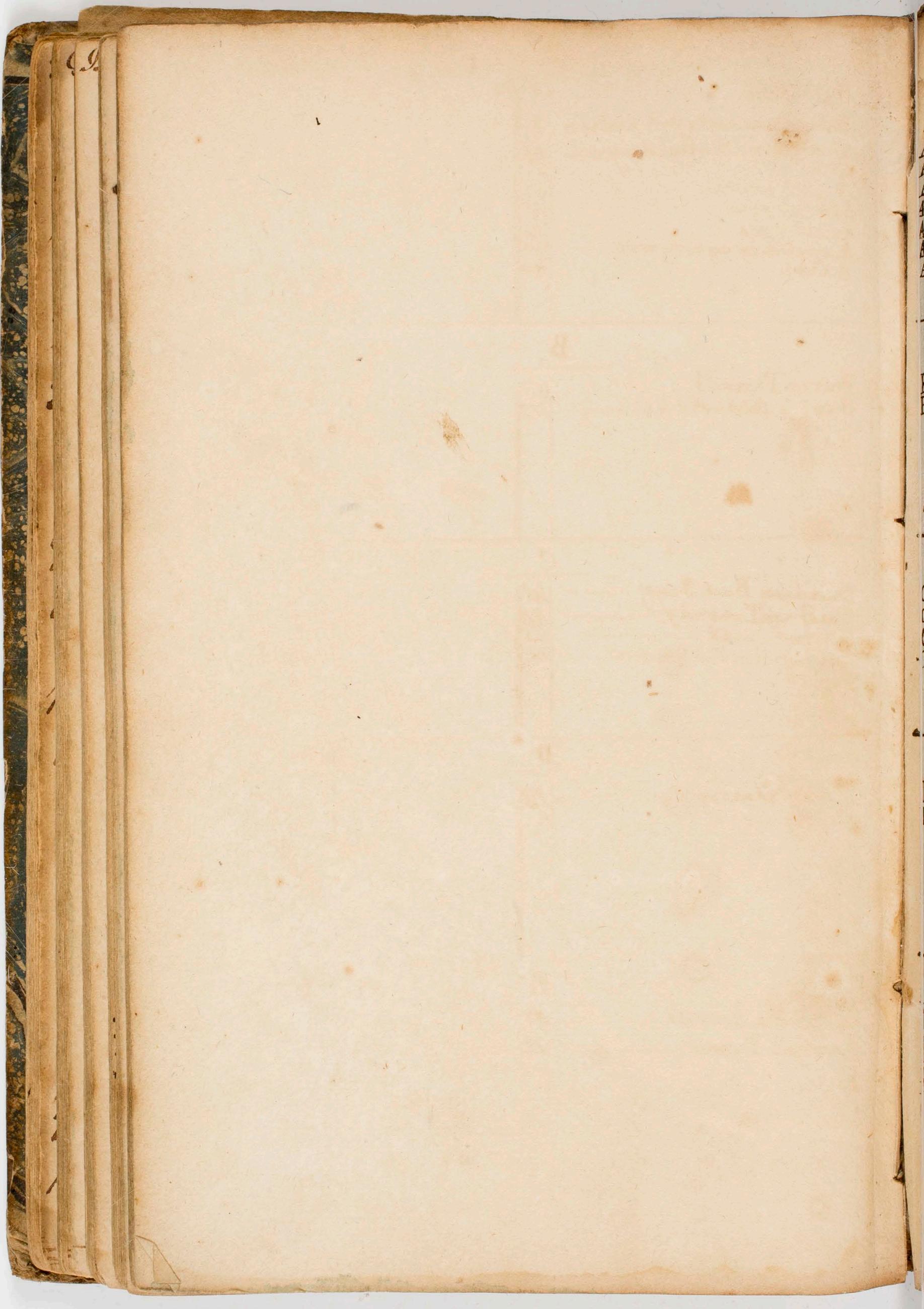
Handwritten musical score for 'Monody on Burns.' The score consists of three staves of music in common time (indicated by a 'C') and a key signature of one sharp (indicated by a 'F#'). The lyrics are written in a cursive hand below the music. The first two lines of lyrics are: 'What is the ill news you so sad Robin Gray? That your blue bonnet hangs over your brow'. The third line continues: 'Sad o' sad news I've read, Robin Burns' mom is dead and the ploughman weeps over'. The fourth line concludes: 'his plough, ah well, ah well a day And the ploughman weeps over his plough.'

Evelyn's Power.

~~BITE~~ EVELYN

1281

9. 1-27



A

All's Well	1
Ah me I am lost and forlorn	2
Ah why should the Gift of my soul	29
Avon	54
A man's a man	82
Auld lang syne	87
Ar hyd y nos	74
A rosebed by my early walk	90
A Catch	96

B

Burns Farewell	63
Bruce's Address to his army	112

C

Canadian Boat Song	41
Cheshire Tragedy	50
Corporal Cares	63
Come send round the wine	66

D

Dicky Gossip	19
Drink to me only	69

E

Elegy on Burns	59
Evelyn's Bower	22
Erin	27

F

Fly not yet	63
Friend y Pitcher	40
Faithless Emma	67
Flowers of the heath	73
Farwell to Ayrshire	89
Fairest maid on Devon's banks	93

G

Go where glory waits thee	39
God save America	36
Good humored and fairly tipsy	72

H

Heaving the lead	28
Henry's Cottage Maid	49
Had I a Cave	84
Highland Mary	84
How lang and dreary	91
Husband, husband cease your strife	114

IyJyK

In the downhill of life	7	Just like love	17
I knew by the smoke of	53	John Anderson	95
It is not the team at this moment	79		

L

Little sinning in love	33
London's bonnie woods y braes	60
Lassie with the Li Locks	101

M

Meeting of the waters	5
Maid of Colrain	15
Mary	35
Mary by Burns	88
My name's o'wa	92
Moving on the roaring ocean	100

N

Now cosy May

111

O & P & Q

Once Again	46	Pray young man	37
On the cold flinty rock	59	Of a' the airts the wind can blaw	113
Oh the days are gone	82	Oh I breathe not his name	79
Oh whistle and I'll come to you my lad	67		
Oh think not my spirits were	80		
On a bank of flowers	86		
O were my love	97		
O my lover like thered	98		
Oh let me in this ay night	99		
the answer	100		
Oh this is no my ain lessie	104		

R

Rise Columbia	9
Rise Cynthia rise	23
Roderick Vich Alpine Dhu	42
Robin Adair	21

S

Sweet is the Vale	2
Sprig of Skillelab	16
Sicilian Mariners Hymn	25
Sandy and Jenny	30
Sublime was the warning	76
Silent oh Myle	77
She flax were her ringlets	65
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T

The Ruins	55	The dimpled cheek	75
The Glasses sparkle	58	Thickest night surround my	94
The Day Returns	8	There was a loss	101
The Taylor done over	6	Their groves of sweet myrtle	118
The British Tar	52	Tom Halliard	148
The Soldiers Adieu	26	The Storm	151
The Wounded Hussar	44	The Thorn	155
Tara's Harp	32		
There's not a look	70		
The moon dimmed her beams	71		

U & V

H H H H H H

W

Why does a wren deck the sky	50
Will you come to the bower.	23
We may roam through this world	24
While I hang on your bosom	10
Wha wadna be in love	109

Ia
Ik
It

X & Y & Z.

Litt
Love
Lions

Young Peggie	106
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